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T H E
BASTARD!

A
P O E M

Inscribed with all due Reverence to
Mrs. BRET, once Countess
of *Macclesfield*.

By **RICHARD SAVAGE**, Son of
the late Earl **RIVERS**.

Decet, hæc dare dona Novercam.

Ov. Met.



D U B L I N:

Printed by **S. HARDING**, next Door
to the Crown in *Copper-Alley*, 1728.

T H E
BASTARD.

A
P O E M.

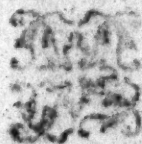
Inscribed with all due Reverence to

Mrs. R R E T, once Countess
ess of Macclesfield.

By RICHARD S. ANGER, Son of
the late EARL RIVERS.

ON. 1802.

Printed, and sold by W. B. B. B. B.



D O U B L I N :

Printed by S. HARDING, next Door
to the Crown in Copper-Street, 1798.

THE PREFACE.

THE Reader will easily perceive these Verses were begun, when my Heart was gay-er, than it has been of late; and finish'd in Hours of the deepest Melancholy.

I hope the World will do me the Justice to believe, that no part of this flows from any real Anger against the Lady, to whom it is inscrib'd. Whatever undeserv'd Severities I may have receiv'd at her Hands, wou'd she deal so candidly as to acknowledge Truth, she very well knows, by an Experience of many Tears, that I have ever behaved myself towards her, like one, who thought it his Duty to support with Patience all Afflictions from that Quarter. Indeed if I had not been capable of forgiving a Mother, I must have blush'd to receive Pardon myself at the Hands of my Sovereign.

Neither to say Truth, where the manner of my Birth All, shou'd I have any Reason from complaint--when I am a little disposed to a gay turn of Thinking, I consider, as I was a Derelict from my Cradle, I have the Honour of a lawful Claim to the best Protection in Europe. For being a Spot of Earth, to which no body pretends a Title, I devolve naturally upon the KING, as one of the Rights of his Royalty.

While

The PREFACE.

While I presume to name his MAJESTY, I look back with Confusion, upon the Mercy I have lately experienc'd, because it is impossible to remember it, but with something I would fain forget; for the sake of my future Peace, and Alleviation of my past Misfortune.

I owe my Life to the Royal Pity, if a Wretch can, with Propriety, be said to live, whose Days are fewer than his Sorrows; and to whom Death had been but a Redemption from Misery.

But I will suffer my Pardon, as my Punishment, till that Life, which has so graciously been given me, shall become considerable enough not to be useless in his Service, to whom it was forfeited.

Under Influence of these Sentiments, with which his MAJESTY's great Goodness has inspired me, I consider my Loss of Fortune, and Dignity, as my Happiness; to which, as I was born without Ambition, I am thrown from them without repining.---Possessing those Advantages, my Care had been, perhaps, but how to enjoy Life; by the want of them I am taught this Noble Lesson, to study how to deserve it.

R. Savage.

The BASTARD.

POEM.

IN Gayer Hours, when high my Fancy run,
The Muse, exulting, thus her Lay begun.

BLEST be the *Bastard's* Birth! thro' wond'rous
(Ways,

He shines excentric like a Comet's Blaze!
No sickly Fruit of faint Compliance He!
He! stamp'd in Nature's Mint of Extacy!
He lives to build, not boast a generous Race:
No tenth Transmitter of a foolish Face.
His daring Hope, no Sire's Example bounds;
His first-born Lights no Prejudice confounds.
He, kindling from within, requires no Flame;
He glories in a *Bastard's* glowing Name.

BORN to himself, by no Possession led,
In Freedom foster'd, and by Fortune fed;
Nor Guides, nor Rules, his sov'reign Choice controul,
His Body independent, as his Soul: (Aim;
Loos'd to the World's wide Range,-----enjoyn'd no
Prescrib'd no Duty, and assign'd no Name:
Nature's unbounded Son, he stands alone,
His Heart unbyass'd, and his Mind his own.

O Mather yet no Mother!----'tis to you,
My Thanks for such distinguish'd Claims are due.
You, unenslav'd to Nature's narrow Laws,
Warm Championess for Freedom's sacred Cause,

From

From all the dry Devoirs of Blood and Line;
 From Ties maternal, moral and divine,
 Discharg'd my grasping Soul; push'd me from Shore;
 And launch'd me into Life without an Oar.

WHAT had I lost, if conjugally kind,
 By Nature hating, yet by Vows confin'd,
 Untaught the Matrimonial Bounds to slight,
 And coldly conscious of a Husband's Right,
 You had *saint-drawn* me with a *Form* alone,
 A lawful Lump of Life by Force your own!
 Then, while your backward Will retrench'd Desire,
 And unconcurring Spirits lent no Fire,
 I had been born your dull, domestic *Heir*;
 Load of your Life, and Motive of your Care;
 Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great;
 The Slave of Pomp, a Cypher in the State;
 Lordly neglectful of a Worth unknown,
 And slumb'ring in a *Seat*, by chance my own.

FAR nobler Blessings wait the *Bastard's* Lot;
 Conceived in Rapture, and with Fire begot!
 Strong as Necessity, he starts away,
 Climbs against Wrongs, and brightens into Day.

THUS unprophetic, lately misinspir'd,
 I sung: Gay flatt'ring Hope, my Fancy fir'd;
 Inly secure, thro' conscious Scorn of Ill,
 Nor taught by Wisdom, how to ballance Will,
 Rashly deceiv'd, I saw no Pits to shun;
 But thought to *purpose*, and to *act* were one;
 Heedless what pointed Cares pervert his Way,
 Whom Caution arms not, and whom Woes betray;
 But now expos'd and shrinking from distress,
 I flee to Shelter, while the Tempests press;
 My Muse to Grief resigns the varying Tone,
 The Raptures languish, and the Numbers groan.

O Memory!

O Memory!—thou Soul of Joy, and Pain!
Thou Actor of our Passions o'er again!
Why dost thou aggravate the Wretches Woe?
Why add continuous Smart to ev'ry Blow?
Few are my Joys; alas! how soon forgot!
On that kind Quarter thou invad'st me not,
While sharp, and numberless my Sorrows fall;
Yet thou repeat'st, and multiply'st 'em all!

Is Chance, a Guilt? that my disastrous Heart,
For Mischief never meant, must ever smart?
Can Self-defence be Sin—Ah, plead no more!
What tho' no purpos'd Malice stain'd thee o'er?
Had Heav'n befriended thy unhappy Side,
Thou had'st not been provok'd—Or *Thou* had'st died.

FAR be the Guilt of homeshed Blood from All,
On whom unsought, embroiling Dangers fall!
Still the pale *Dead* revives, and lives to me,
To me! thro' *Pity's* Eye condemn'd to see.
Remembrance veils his Rage, but swells his Fate;
Griev'd I forgive, and am grown cool too late.
Young, and unthoughtful then; who knows, one Day,
What ripening Vertues might have made their Way!
He might have liv'd, till Folly died in Shame,
Till kindling Wisdom felt a Thirst for Fame.
He might perhaps his Country's Friend have prov'd;
Been happy, gen'rous, candid, and belov'd.
He might have lov'd some Worth, now doom'd to fall;
And I, perchance in him, have murder'd all.

O Fate of late Repentance! always vain:
Thy Remedies but lull undying Pain.
Where shall my Hope find Rest?—No Mother's Care
Shielded my Infant Innocence with Prayer:
No Father's Guardian Hand my Youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth my Vertues, or from Vice restrain'd.

Is it not time to snatch some pow'rful Arm,
First to advance, then screen from future Harm?
Am I return'd from Death, to live in Pain?
Or wou'd *Imperial Pity* save in vain?
Distrust it not — What blame can *Mercy* find,
Which gives at once a Life, and rears a Mind?

MOTHER, miscall'd, Farewel — of Soul severe,
This sad Reflection yet may force one Tear:
All I was wretched by to you I ow'd,
Alone from Strangers ev'ry Comfort flow'd!

Lost to the Life you gave, Your Son no more,
And now adopt'd, who was doom'd before,
New-born, I may a nobler Mother Claim;
But dare not whisper her Immortal Name?
Supremely, Lovely, and Serenely Great!
Majestick Mother of a kneeling State!
QUEEN of a People's Hearts, who ne'er before
Agreed — Yet now with one Consent adore!
One Contest yet remains in this Desire,
Who most shall give Applause where all Admire!

